

SPORTING
GOSSIP.

BY JOHN L. SULLIVAN.

Reno, July 4.—The fight of the century is over, and a black man is the undisputed champion of the world.

It was a poor fight as fights go, this less than fifteen rounds affair between James J. Jeffries and Jack Johnson. Scarcely ever has there been a championship contest that was so one-sided. All Jeffries' much vaunted condition and the prodigious preparations that he went through a week before the fight, and the fact that he was weakened in the twenty-seventh second of the third minute of the fight, were of no avail. Jeffries was ever gone to make a pugilistic story. He was practically knocked out twice in this round. Johnson's deadly left beat upon his unprotected head and neck and he went down for the count just before the second round. As Johnson felt him the first time he was conscious but weakened. He tactfully waited for the timekeeper's call before he rose. When he did Johnson caught him flush on the jaw again, and he fell almost in the same spot, but further out, and as he leaned against the lower rope his great bulk crashed through outside the ring.

His seconds and several newspaper men helped him into the ring again and he staggered weakly over to the other side of the ring. Johnson slowly followed him; measured his distance carefully, and as Jeff's head hung forward, struck him hard in the face, and again that terrible left hand caught him, sending him reeling around to a stopping posture.

SECONDS GIVE UP.

Johnson pushed his right hand hard as Jeffries wheeled around, and quick as a flash, whipped his left over again, and Jeff went down for the last time. His seconds had given it up.

They didn't wait for the ten seconds to be counted, but jumped into the ring after their man. Billy Delaney, Johnson's chief second, always watchful for the technicalities, yelled his claim for the fight for his man in the breach of the rules by Jeff's handlers.

Tex Rickard, in the meantime, was trying to make himself heard, and he was saying that the fight was Johnson's. By this time the crowd was realizing that Johnson had won, and there was very little cheering. Jeff had been such a decided favorite they could hardly believe that he was beaten, and that there wouldn't still be a chance for him to reclaim his lost laurels.

The crowd was not even willing to leave the arena and as poor old Jeff sat in his corner, being sprayed with water and other resuscitating liquids he was pitted from all sides.

It was through and through a throw-up-down-McCloskey crowd without the rough-house work in the famous ring. The Negro had few friends but there was no demonstration against him. They could not help but admire Johnson, because he is the type of prize-fighter that is regarded highly by sportsmen. He played fairly at all times and fought fairly. He gave in whenever there was a contention and he demanded his rights only up to their limit, but never beyond them.

PICKED THE WINNER.

I have never witnessed a fight where I was in such a peculiar position. I all along refused to announce my choice as to the winner. I refused on Jeff's account, because he was sensitive, and I wanted to be with him some time during his training.

I refused on Johnson's account, because of my well-known antipathy to his race, and I didn't want him to think that I was favoring him from any other motive than a purely sporting one. He might have got this impression, although, since I know him better in these last few weeks I am rather inclined to believe that he hasn't many of the petty meannesses of human character.

You will deduce from the foregoing that I really had picked Johnson as the winner. My personal feelings all know it. Even Jeffries accused me of it one day, but I denied it this way: I said, "Jeff, I have picked the winner, but I haven't done it publicly. A few personal friends know who I think will win, and I am not going to tell you before the fight. I don't want you to get any wrong impression."

However, the fact remains that three weeks ago I picked Johnson to win. It seems almost too much to say, but I did say inside of fifteen rounds.

A MERE SHELL.

It's all over now, and it does not matter who I picked to win to either Jeff or Johnson, but the main thing I based my decision on was the old one that put me out of the game. Jeff could not come back. Jeffries was a mere shell of his former self. All the months of weight-reducing involving great feats of exercise, had come to naught.

The experts who figured that a man must receive a muscular, long, conscientious, muscle-wearing and nerve-reaching work, figured that he must get even provisionally.

It seemed only just human nature that Jeffries must win, even in the face of all the features resting on the other side of the argument. For it is true, and probably would only be denied by Johnson himself, that the big colored champion didn't train conscientiously. As subsequent events prove, he didn't have to train more than he did, but nevertheless he took a chance, and by his manner and deportment seemed perfectly willing to stand the consequences, whatever they were.

The result was success for him in its fullest meaning. Johnson got scarcely a hard knock during the whole encounter and was never bothered by Jeffries' actions one little bit.

He came out of the fray without a mark if one, except the cut lip he got in the third round, which proved to be only the opening of the old cut that George Cotton gave him the other day when Governor Dickerson was out at his training quarters.

Never before has there been a fight for the championship of the world with so many peculiar ends to it because never before has a black man been a real contender for the championship.

Johnson of course, was the credited champion even before today's fight by virtue of his defeat of Tommy Burns, but just the same the rank and file of sporting people never gave him the full measure of his title. Jeffries has always been the bumbono of Johnson's title, and if only the big boiler-maker would go back into the fighting game and get himself into condition he could obliterate this so-called blot on the pugilistic escutcheon. Jeffries was persuaded against his will and he went to work with a willingness and determination that brought about wonderful results, but that couldn't bring back outraged old nature.

EASILY WON.

Probably never before was a championship so easily won as Johnson's victory today. He never showed the slightest concern during the fifteen rounds, and from the fourth round his confidence was the most glaring thing in the eyes of the world. He was the one person in the world at that moment who knew that Jeff's best blow was packed away in his last fight and on the road and by the running brooks from which he lured the fish during his preliminary training for his fight.

It was a perfect picnic for this big Negro, who seemed to be enjoying himself more than fighting for a \$121,000 purse.

It could not have been all assumed either, as his remarks during the contest to me while I sat below and near him at the ringside showed that he had honestly a good opinion of himself.

ROUND ONE—Jeffries approached each other and Jeffries walked around to the first side, which was Johnson's corner. They circled around for fully ten seconds. Johnson led with his left and landed lightly on Jeffries' nose. They kept close to each other, and seemed unwilling to break away. Jeffries feinted, and Johnson stood on his toes as he forced his man away with a left push and a light left punch on the jaw. In the clinch which followed, both worked their left hands for the other's body. They were unwilling to break, and it was Jeff who was clinching. Jeff was doing all the clinching. As they sparred again Jeff tried to land his left on Johnson, but Johnson threw his head aside. Another clinch, as they slowly walked about hugging each other, and the while calmly chewing gum. They sparred around each other again after the break. Johnson got in a clean left hand, which just scraped Jeff's chin. They stood again and clinched. They were still clinching when the gong sounded. There was not anything but just cold water used during the intermission on both men.

ROUND TWO—Johnson led as Jeffries followed him. As they didled around Johnson stepped in and landed twice on Jeff's chin. The second blow was harder than the first, but a clinch followed. As they circled around, holding each other tightly, Johnson threw up his right and caught Jeffries on the chin. Here Rickard took a hand and it was his first interference. He told the men that they must break. Johnson feinted with his left, and Jeffries came in and landed a light right on Johnson's ribs. As they were going to a clinch Johnson put both hands lightly on Jeffries' chin. They sparred around after breaking. Johnson feinted a left and Jeffries ducked. Another clinch and Johnson used his favorite blow, a right hand uppercut in close. Another clinch followed, and away. Jeffries feinted, and as he came in with his usual crouch, Johnson landed a right as eye, which caused it to flush.

At this stage it was seen that one of the early blows of Jeffries had drawn blood from Johnson's lip. Johnson was as jovial as he has ever been and laughed outright just before the round ended. Nothing was needed during the rest but some cold water.

ROUND THREE—Johnson appeared the more careless of the two. He talked to Jeff, derided him as he feints for his head, and he essayed another feint. They came together in a clinch and Johnson landed a left on Jeffries' nose. He repeated it instantly, and in the clinch which followed brought left and right up to Jeffries' jaw. Then there was another clinch, and shortly after breaking away Johnson stepped in again and landed a right and left on Jeffries' upper arm, and Jeffries' right hand down on Johnson's back. They were not damaged blows, but they were not Johnson had the better judgment in distance. Johnson, in the sparring which followed, landed another left on Jeffries' chin. Jeffries was getting the punching right along but seemed to be not at all worried. His face was flushed, and he looked sarcastically as Johnson struggled around with him. He brought up his hand in attempting to upbraid again and it went past Jeffries' face. Johnson's wide grin was apparent to all in the vast throng. Johnson had done all the hitting so far, and he chuckled as he went to his corner. He was in perfect good humor because his feints had brought nothing like a showdown from Jeff, and he was beginning to think the big fellow hadn't anything to show.

ROUND FOUR—Jeffries feinted with his left, but Johnson guarded with his right arm. Johnson landed on Jeffries' right ear, and in the clinch brought his right hand up, but did not do any damage. He kept joshing Johnson. Jeff all the time and Rickard admonished him that it was a fight and not a talkfest. Jeff led and caught Johnson with a hard right on the chin; Johnson brought both his hands around Jeff's neck. The blood was trickling from Johnson's mouth here and they

glanced. In the next sparring Jeffries led, low and Johnson called attention to it. Corbett from Jeff's corner, was trying to disconcert Johnson, but the latter answered with a right on Jeff's chin as they came to a clinch. Johnson stuck out another left straight for Jeff's head and it landed good and hard. In the clinch which followed Johnson caught Jeff and dared him to bring forth those demon punches he was famous for. Johnson caught Jeff with a left-hander on the jaw. While Johnson was being handled in his corner during the interval he looked down at John L. Sullivan and said that Jeff couldn't hit hard.

ROUND FIVE—Jeff came away from his corner for this round in a low crouch. Johnson feinted as Jeff stepped away. Johnson kidded and said: "I will straighten you up in a minute," and the crowd heard it and said: "He will straighten you up, nigger." Johnson led again with his left and landed on Jeffries' stomach. In the clinch which followed, the big black looked over Jeff's shoulder and grinned. Johnson tried to get in his short rights, and one which caught Jeff's mouth cut his upper lip. Jeffries led, but fell short. Johnson met him and caught him with a head. Johnson in the next brought his right hand up again on Jeff's mouth. Johnson caught Jeff's left lead and Jeff seemed bothered because he couldn't find an opening. As they stood off Jeff crouched, jumped to his toes and landed the first straight blow to his credit during the fight—a straight left on Johnson's forehead.

ROUND SIX—As they advanced to the center of the ring they both kept to their own side. Johnson was the first to start hostilities with a hard one to Jeff's body. He landed a left on Jeff which rubbed a cheek off and the blood trickled down the white man's face. Johnson brought his left back, shooting it again into Jeff's stomach. They broke away and sparred around. Johnson backed with a left feint but Jeff stepped out of the way. Johnson was showing all the cleverness, and Jeff did not seem a bit disturbed except that he constantly chewed his gum. In the next passage Johnson caught him, probably the hardest blow so far, a straight left, a walloping hard one, on Jeff's jaw as the latter rushed in. The fiercest fighting so far followed this, but Johnson's blows were quicker and often in the clinch which followed, Johnson huzzed persistently, and Johnson landing his short arm denuders and a hard left on Jeff's face caught the latter's eyes. Johnson's blows were harder than they seemed. Jeff was bleeding from the nose and his damaged right eye was getting blacker and blacker each second. They worked hard over Jeff's body during the intermission, but it seemed to irritate him more than it did him alone. He motioned them to let him alone.

ROUND SEVEN—Jeff's right eye was closing as he came up for this round. Johnson was first to lead again in this round. As they clinched Johnson said, "Come on, you Jeff." They fiddled around for fully twenty seconds. Jeff was more careful. Johnson was grinning while as Jeff came forward Johnson would step back. Finally Jeff came in, but his left lead went around Johnson and landed on his neck. Jeff's nose still kept bleeding all during the round. Johnson feinted with a left and landed a right counter on Jeff's left shoulder. Then another clinch followed, and Rickard told them to break. Rickard was having very little to do up to this time, as both were fighting very squarely and fairly. In the next passage Johnson landed the most effective blow that had come across so far. It was a left on Jeff's chin, but it was mighty powerful. He followed this by a right on Jeff's face. Jeff was beginning to show the effect of the punishment. The hot sun beat down on the fighters and they perspired freely about the head, though Jeff was exuding water from pretty much every pore in his body. In the clinch which followed Johnson always struck up his left hand and landed it on Jeff's damaged face. While Johnson was being wiped and rubbed during the interval he kidded Corbett about what was being done in his corner with an idea of rattling the champion. Johnson eyed him this time and yelled, "Too late now to do anything. Your man is all in."

ROUND EIGHT—Johnson kept after Jeff all the time and as Jeff led Johnson would stop him coming in with a left on the chest. Jeff led again and caught a right on his ear and a hard left on his face. In the next lead, Johnson led a scoring blow. It was a terrific straight punch on Jeff's nose. Then Jeff got in on Johnson's stomach a hard one but it did not disturb Johnson and they hugged. When they broke away again Johnson punched another left in Jeff's face. Another clinch and Johnson grinned over Jeff's shoulder, and winked to the newspaper men, kept his left hand busy. It generally found a testing place. The referee admonished them to break. Jeff attempted to land a left for Johnson's head but Johnson stepped away and then he stepped in again and landed a left on Jeff's chin. They hugged around the ring and took sparring for another opening. Jeff led and landed slightly on Johnson's jaw. In the clinch, Johnson whipped his right hand across and just grazed Jeff's chin. They were clinching as the bell rang. On points and effectiveness, the fight was going all Johnson's way. There was no hard work in Johnson's corner, during the minute rest, while Jeff's handlers were busy as bees.

ROUND NINE—Jeff started to lead and landed a light left on Johnson's body. A clinch followed with Jeff doing the holding. Johnson led on the break away and landed lightly on the chest. Another clinch followed. As they broke away Johnson landed a left on the chin and a right on the jaw. As they stepped in again Johnson's left found Jeff's stomach, and another clinch followed. Johnson led a left, shooting it across Jeff's left eye but Jeff stepped away and did not try to put in. Two straight lefts found Jeff's chin and stopped him completely. As they broke away Johnson stepped quickly in and landed his left in Jeff's stom-

ach. Johnson kidded the big boiler-maker again as they passed each other going to their corners and Jeff was looking very much the worse for wear.

ROUND TEN—Both fiddled and Johnson feinted, but Jeff did not come in. Johnson tried another left, but Jeff stepped away. On his next attempt he landed on Jeff's face and then they clinched. Jeff all this time had not landed a real blow. Jeff tried a right counter, but it didn't go through; then they clinched. Jeff was halfhearted in his lead, and it brought nothing more than a clinch. Johnson shot over a straight right and landed on Jeff's face. It was a clean blow, starting just as Jeff came in. Johnson landed a hard left on Jeff's stomach, and all that Jeff could do was to plant both his hands on the Negro's ribs. In the clinch which followed this Johnson did effective work with his left arm punches, landing left and right on Jeff's face. Jeff essayed another lead when they came to the clinch. Jeff appeared tired as he went to his corner, and his handlers looked worried. Johnson on the other hand, was keeping cool and nobody in his corner was the least bit flustered. Mrs. Johnson from about the sixth row on the West side of the arena, signalled to Jeff's corner that he was doing great work. "Keep it up, Jack," she shouted.

ROUND ELEVEN—They fiddled for an opening, and Johnson landed a light right on Jeff's cheek as they clinched. In the clinch Johnson landed a hard left on Jeff's chin. As Jeff broke away Johnson was right on top of him with the worst of it in this encounter, but left and right, but Jeff's attempts were like pawing the air. He got all he made an attempt to get back. It did not seem to worry the Negro one bit. Johnson was working his close blows to perfection, and in every clinch he managed to land a right or left-hand uppercut. Jeff's judgment of distance was pitiful to look at. He was spitting quantities of blood and breathing laboriously. Johnson was working him greatly, and he was holding on. Johnson was working his famous short arm punches like piston rods. As they broke away he turned Jeff's head clear around with a left on the jaw. A clinch followed with Jeff doing it all. He didn't seem to have the punch and Johnson was landing almost as he pleased. A straight right on the chin caught Jeff and he wobbled. He pushed his head forward, trying to hit the big Negro, but Johnson was working left on the bleeding mouth just as the round closed. It was all Johnson's round, and there was no betting against him anywhere.

ROUND TWELVE—Jeff was worried, for, try as he would, he could not reach Johnson; but he must fight, and every time he came in he caught a left or right somewhere where it hurt. In the clinches that followed Johnson was working his rights on Jeff's jaw and Jeff clung to him. He was showing his punishment very plainly, and was weakening fast. He did not try to hit Johnson. He was hugging all the while. Johnson meantime was landing hard lefts and rights on Jeff's nose mouth and jaw. Jeff was getting very tired and his face was covered with blood. As he fiddled around for a break away Johnson caught him with another hard right and a straight left and he clinched again. As they broke, Johnson landed another left in the face and brought his right over on the jaw for good measure. Johnson went to his corner smiling and Jeff was very tired.

ROUND THIRTEEN—Jeff worked slowly toward Johnson and essayed a left hand feint, which produced a clinch. Here Johnson was working in the crowd over Jeff's shoulder: "Hello, Tom." Jeff's efforts were very clumsy. In the next passage Johnson planted another left on Jeff's nose and also brought his right over. One left followed another from Johnson, and they landed where he aimed them. Then there was a clinching. Jeff was not nearly as steady on his feet as the Negro was. In the clinches he brought his left into Johnson's stomach and Johnson looked over his shoulder and never made an attempt to resist the punches aimed at his ribs. This looked like the beginning of the end. Johnson landed a left and right on Jeff's face. Jeff clinched, and Johnson mercilessly beat away at him. Jeff was a sight to behold. His face was cut in six places, and he was all but knocked out. Johnson brought some lefts across and they always caught Jeff on the face. Jeff's arms seemed like lead, and he could scarcely raise them, let alone hit Johnson. As the gong sounded, Jeff walked away slowly. He seemed to be all broken up, and refused to be encouraged by his seconds. Johnson was jovial at all times.

ROUND FOURTEEN—Johnson lost no time in this round, and planted that ever ready left in Jeff's face and Jeff hugged on. As they stepped away he caught another left on his face. In the clinch that followed, he tried to bring his right up on Johnson's jaw and landed lightly, but never bothered the big Negro. Jeff tried a right swing, but Johnson anticipated it and led a left on Jeff's face. Jeff straightened, the crowd yelling. He tried a straight left for Johnson's face. He landed but it made no impression, only to bring a laugh from Johnson. Johnson in the next clinch he dared Jeff to hit him. Jeff started to use his great strength and put all his weight in a body blow while he was clinching with Johnson. Johnson pushed him away and brought his left around on Jeff's jaw. Jeff tried two ineffectual lefts, but Johnson got too close. Johnson kidded all his attempts. During the minute rest only water was being used in Johnson's corner, while in Jeff's they were bringing everything into play that they had.

ROUND FIFTEEN—Johnson met Jeff in the center of the ring and sent a left to Jeff's eye and then they clinched. Johnson broke quickly and shot a left from his hip straight into Jeff's face. Jeff tottered and went down on the west side of the ring. He fell on both knees, and as the timekeeper and referee yelled at him the number of seconds he turned around and rested his foot on the floor looking the while toward the timekeeper. Johnson walked about the center, craftily eyeing his big

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opponent. Jeff waited for nine and then arose. Johnson stepped in as he got on his feet and whipped another left full on the face and Jeff went down again almost in the same place, but this time he crashed through the ropes. Several of his seconds and some newspaper men helped to get him back in the ring again and Johnson coolly watched the proceedings from more than halfway across the ring. When Jeff landed inside again he was reeling, but not nearly as far gone as lots of fellows who have been down twice for the count. He staggered over to the east side and Johnson stepped into him as he came over and sent him reeling with a right on the ear. As he turned around ready to close down, Johnson's left again found the already battered and beaten face.

As Jeff sank sideways to the floor the immense crowd was on its feet, some yelling and some cheering. Johnson calmly walked around his big opponent toward his own corner. His seconds were already getting his chair ready to push through the ropes for him to sit on. Timekeeper Harting was yelling at the top of his voice the enumerated seconds. About eight seconds from the time Jeff went down one of his handlers broke through into the ring. He was closely followed by two more. That was sufficient to end the fight according to the rules.

Billy Delaney, always Johnny on the spot for transgressions like these broke through the ropes and made his way to Tex Rickard, loudly demanding the fight for his man. Tex, in the meanwhile, was trying to make himself heard to the effect that he had already decided Johnson the winner, the fight was over, and Jeff was being dragged to his corner. Johnson walked over ostensibly to shake hands with his beaten foe, but the crowd in the ring was too much for him and he was dragged away by his seconds. Jeffries stayed there for fully ten minutes after the final gong with his seconds fussing over him and trying to bring him to some kind of presentable shape. The round lasted, according to Timekeeper Harting, two minutes and twenty-five seconds.

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SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1910.

THE GREAT FIGHT IN NEVADA.

Jack Johnson, a citizen of color is now the undisputed heavyweight champion of the world. James J. Jeffries was defeated at Reno, Nevada after one of the most spectacular contests in the history of the prize ring. Johnson made many friends as a result of his fairness. He even held back when his antagonist was at his mercy. He showed too that he had many of the characteristics of the Southern colored man by his modesty, when victory was assured.

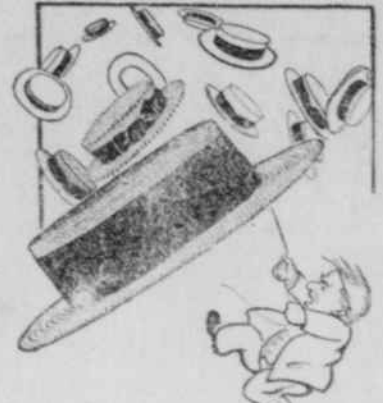
Thousands of white men and many colored ones lost heavily on this contest. Not that colored men did not hope that Johnson would win, but many of them were commercial and placed their money upon the man that they believed would win. We have never looked at the contest from a racial stand-point, although we naturally hoped that Johnson would acquit himself in a honorable and creditable manner and retain the championship.

For him not to have done so would have reflected upon the colored people of the country. This is the condition confronting us at the present time. The reports of race riots throughout the country as a result of this test of athletic strength need hardly to be considered. It is the work of the politicians as usual. There has been no rupture of the friendly relationship between the better class of white and colored people. White men bet on Johnson and colored men bet on Jeffries.

The friendly feeling shown in the Capitol Square in this city when the returns came in last Monday evening showed conclusively that all of this talk of arousing race feeling on account of the showing of the films of the fight is mere nonsense. Colored people in the North may not know how to conduct themselves, but colored folks in the South have learned the lesson by bitter experience. They can feel happy and say nothing. They can be sad and talk joyously.

If Jack Johnson will continue his attitude assumed at Reno, Nevada, July 4th, 1910, he will make many friends in this country of ours. He was backed by white men. He was managed by white men. He will make most of his money in the future out of white men and it comes with poor grace for any of us to discount the race that has given him the opportunity to display the remarkable qualities possessed by him.

We have found that in all kinds of contests and financial ventures



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the friendship of certain white men is our most valuable asset, outside of our own efforts to merit their support and continue true to our racial traditions.

The Johnson-Jeffries fight may have injured us in some sections, and increased race prejudice in some others, but on the whole, it has proven a God-sent blessing in showing that certain traits and characteristics are inherent in us and when fairly and fully developed make us one of the most powerful races of people on the face of the globe.

Colored people have a right to feel proud of the outcome at Reno, Nevada, but it should be devoid of that prejudicial feeling that causes some of us to flaunt the fact in the eyes of certain fraudulent white men. They want this as an excuse to do us an injury and we should not give them an opportunity. Our relationship to the average white man should be all the more friendly on account of the financial generosity of other white men in giving a member of our race an opportunity to display the rare pugilistic qualities that are in him.

JACK JOHNSON.

Colored Man Retains Championship by Defeating Jeffries.



Photo by American Press Association

"Sane" Celebration Also Cut Down List of Injured.

The value of a sensible and restrained observance of the Fourth of July has been demonstrated by the casualty list of this year's celebration. In nearly every city and town where the sale and explosion of fireworks were prohibited or restricted there has been a decided falling off in the number of dead and injured, compared with previous years.

This year's list of dead throughout the country, so far reported, totals 28. Last year the same total was 44. The whose number of injured last year was 2361. This year there were only 1755. These figures show enormous conservation of human life.

Dead, 28—By fireworks and resulting fires, 7; by firearms, 11; by gunpowder, 4; by toy pistols, 6.

Injured, 1755—By fireworks, 882; by cannon, 169; by gunpowder, 230; by toy pistols, 126; by runaways, 28.

Life Sentence For Dr. Hyde. Dr. B. C. Hyde, who was convicted of having poisoned Colonel Thomas H. Swope, the millionaire philanthropist, at Kansas City, was sentenced to life imprisonment at hard labor by Judge Lathrop. An appeal to the state supreme court was filed by Hyde's attorney, and until it is decided the prisoner will remain in the county jail here.